

# Washington Sentinel.

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CITY OF WASHINGTON.

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JUNE 8, 1854.

## CONGRESS.

The Senate was not in session yesterday. In the House of Representatives, the Pacific railroad bill was taken up. Several speeches were made upon this and other subjects.

We see that the Albany Knickerbocker charges that the Washington Sentinel urged retaliation on Mr. Sumner for the abolition outrages at Boston. This charge comes as a confirmation of what we have said in another article as to the fertility of invention which the free-soilers and abolitionists are blessed with. Everything which the Knickerbocker has said is utterly untrue, and, we suppose, knowingly false. We have never intimated even that Mr. Sumner should be treated harshly, much less with violence. No matter what our opinion of him may be, we know that he is one of the representatives of a sovereign State; and we know also that the Constitution does not contemplate the punishment of treasonable sentiments, no matter what mischief they may occasion.

## ABOLITIONISM.

The inventive faculties of the free-soilers and abolitionists are really wonderful. They are equalled only by the cool audacity and unblushing effrontery with which they put their spurious coinage into circulation. It really seems to us that no one can unite with the free-soilers and abolitionists, until all manliness, all truth, honor, and courage has departed from him.

All associations and organizations, whether they be secret or public, require that a candidate for admission should possess certain qualifications to render him eligible—to make him a fit companion of those whom he would herd with. After due deliberation on a multitude of facts which have come under our observation, we are convinced that the free-soilers and abolitionists require that those who would be admitted to their companionship shall have arrived at that state of mental and moral deformity which repudiates the distinction between virtue and vice, between truth and falsehood, between honor and dishonor, and which is willing, under the guidance of a low and corrupt hatred of the slave's master, to resort to blasphemy and treason under the guise of a hypocritical profession of philanthropy.

We are informed that the guards of the Boston marshal, who had the custody of the fugitive Burns, and who beat off the abolition mob that attempted to rescue him, made up a subscription to buy the negro a suit of clothes, he being filthy and ragged. The old suit was sent to be washed and mended, and the abolitionists stole them and committed a larceny on the negro they pretended to pray for in their churches, and for whom they pretended to be willing to sacrifice their lives. The truth is, that the abolitionists care nothing for the negro race. Their pretended regard for the negro is based entirely on their actual and intense hatred for the owner of the negro. When they can injure the owner by stealing his property and outraging his person, they are fully satisfied, and would not subscribe a dollar to save the slave from starvation. This fact was fully proved when the fugitive law of 1850 first went into operation. Then many northern citizens who desired to see the law maintained, subscribed liberally to purchase the freedom of slaves who had fled to the non-slaveholding States. But the abolitionists refused to unite in such subscriptions, and if there was a single exception, we have not heard of it. Such subscriptions would not tend to further their plan of robbing the slaveholders, nor their desire to gain notoriety by fomenting agitation and exciting violence.

The Boston mob cannot fail to produce beneficial results. It cannot fail to enlighten the people of the north as to the real character and actual designs of abolitionism, and the infamous measures they are willing to employ. Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker, after urging their deluded followers, even to bloodshed, and to the verge of treason, as defined by the Constitution, skulked from the scene of action, and trembling with cowardly fear, appealed for protection to the laws they had outraged, and to the officers of the law against whom they had turned loose an infuriated mob.

The people of Boston must now perceive that the time has come when they must take active and efficient measures to put down, destroy, eradicate, and crush out the miserable crew of demagogues and hypocrites which has stained the reputation of their city. The infamy of the abolition leaders must now be plain and apparent. The utter disregard of abolition fanaticism for truth, justice, and legal restraints has been fully and satisfactorily manifested, so that the most careless observer cannot fail to see and understand them. Hitherto the sound portion of northern communities have been torpid and inactive—permitting the fanaticism to speak in their name, and to organize without the fear of opposing organizations. The time has now come when decisive action cannot be longer delayed.

When bad men conspire good men must unite. Judging from the signs of the times, the Nebraska bill will segregate the free-soilers and abolitionists from the masses and drive them out of the old party organizations. If this should be the result, then the Nebraska bill will be a great measure, even if nothing more is effected by it. When the leprous elements are once drawn up before the people, there is no further danger. The people will then be able to distinguish their friends from their foes, and they will make short work of it.

Free-soilism and abolitionism will be struck down and trampled under foot at once, and a pestilent faction supported and sustained mainly by foreign influence, will be forced to discontinue the arena of party controversy, and from every place where it could accomplish any essential mischief. Let abolitionism raise its banners and marshal its forces. Let it unite with the northern whigs, and make common cause with all the factions of the north, and no harm, but much good will come of it. The democratic party, strengthened by the whigs of the south, will rush upon them and scatter them to the winds; they will disappear like chaff before a hurricane.

Outside organizations may be attempted. Novelty and secrecy may enable them to entrap the unwary and mislead the unreflecting. But a thunder-storm never lasts long, for the natural elements cannot support such a phenomenon but for a little while. After a thunder-storm, the atmosphere is purer, and the skies more serene. The disaffected will naturally unite in secret. Our belief is, that the Nebraska bill will force them to unite, in the face of the nation, and when that is effected, the great labor is accomplished. Nothing else will be needed, then, but to marshal the patriotism of the people and point out its foe. When that is done, all will be done speedily and without further trouble—the whirlwind will have been aroused, the chaff will have disappeared not to return to trouble us again.

AN OLD PARTY UNDER A NEW NAME. It is a saying among boys, or used to be when we were in our teens, that a snake may be killed early in the morning, but its tail will not die until sunset. Nor is the snake the only creature that clings with tenacity to life. Some creatures may be cut to pieces, and each piece will have a separate vitality. It will live, move, and its being. Cut off the head of a turtle, clip off its claws, stick, stab, and cut it all over, and yet it will be hours before life is extinguished.

Some political parties die just as hard, and cling to life with the same tenacity. There is the whig party, and when we speak of it, we would not use terms of harshness. It includes many noble men, distinguished statesmen, and eminent patriots; but the whig party dies hard. Its best friends cannot deny it. It outlives the snake, for it is long after its sunset, and yet it wags its tail. It surpasses the turtle, for although months and months have rolled by since its head was cut off, its claws clipped, and its body pierced in many places, it still kicks. It is loth to give up the ghost. Not only is its head chopped off, but its body was cut in two, never more to unite. Each division is endowed with a separate vitality. Each division has a separate place. One is at the north, the other at the south.

Now, it is with the northern division that we have to deal, for it does not challenge our esteem as does the southern division. It has suffered itself to be corrupted and debauched. It has run after strange gods. It has, we fear, become abolitionized. The whigs of the north are shrewd people, and they have many able and sagacious leaders, who look to success rather than to the means of achieving that success. They would change their name and ally themselves with any party in order to accomplish their designs.

A mysterious secret political organization has suddenly sprung up in the country. It is spreading from State to State and from city to city. Those who compose it are called "know nothings." Their policy seems to be silence, secrecy, and affected ignorance. If it refuses to make known its objects and its principles, men cannot be blamed for forming conjectures as to them. We will investigate the society as well as we can with the lights before us.

It is said to have been instituted in New York city where all forms of *isms* and heresies have their advocates. No distinguished statesmen, no eminent patriots founded, or helped to found it. It was born in obscurity, and nurtured in secrecy. It is said, we know not how truly, to have been the invention of a man who cannot either boast of an enviable fame, or of an unblemished character. Its objects seem to be principally to war against our foreign population, and against Catholics. All the members of it seem to be moved by one impulse, and to vote the same way in elections. It aspires to be the great controlling party of the country, and has been formed, we cannot doubt, with the view of carrying the next Presidential election. Many bad qualities are attributed to it. It is said to be like the terrible inquisition—unseen itself and yet with its spies on every one. It strikes when the blow is least expected. It is said too, (strange that it should copy what it so strongly condemns), like the order of Jesuits, to carry out to a faithful extent, the odious principle of mental reservation, to conceal its purposes under affected ignorance, subtle subterfuge and positive denial. It is said that in order to blind and mislead their opponents, they pretend to be in favor of and go so far as to seem to elect one of the candidates that they are pledged to defeat. We have a theory in regard to these "know nothings," which they cannot blame us for proclaiming, inasmuch as they refuse to declare themselves and their purposes.

We think we recognize in their characteristics the features of the old northern federal whig party. It is the serpent that wags its tail, although its head has been crushed. That this party would resort to disguises, if it disguises would avail it, cannot be denied by any one who understands their tactics. We regard these "know nothings" as a combination of northern whigs, free-soilers, and abolitionists, interspersed with a small sprinkling of deluded democrats, who really do not understand the nature and objects of the organization to which they belong.

Now to the reason for so thinking. This society was started in New York city, where we are informed. It was started after northern whiggery was hopelessly prostrated, and when democracy was at its triumph. It has generally elected whigs where it has succeeded at all. It is essentially different from, indeed in complete antagonism to democracy. True democracy scorns to hide its head under a mask, and its objects under deceptions and disguises. It plants itself on the Constitution, and it proclaims its mission to the world. It is not ashamed of its name, it is not ashamed of its creed. Under that name and that creed it has conquered, and is destined still to conquer. That a few unsound, or unwary democrats have joined this organization we believe, and we are mortified to see it.

It is said (full scope must be given to conjecture) that those who join this secret society are required to renounce all their cherished political principles and convictions, and to bind themselves to carry out the objects of their order. We can understand how the northern whig party, defeated and crushed as it was, should make a desperate effort to regain its lost ascendancy. We can understand how it may ally itself with free-soilism, native Americanism, or any other ism, to reinstate itself and regain its losses. We can also understand how a one-sided man, who hates foreigners; or a religious bigot, who hates Catholics, should like all fanatics, join a society that would enable them to gratify their spite. But how a sound democrat, with a well-regulated mind, who knows that his creed has been handed down by the fathers of the republic and been illustrated by patriots and statesmen, can renounce that creed and take up in its stead the malignant, intolerant, and one-sided creed of an obscure man, we cannot understand.

We call upon democrats everywhere to set their faces against this monstrosity—which is shrewdly suspected to be the mongrel spawn of northern federalism and abolition fanaticism. We call upon southern whigs, as patriots, to see that they keep themselves free from its foul embraces. It avoids the light of day, and walks out at midnight. It cloaks itself in mystery, and it conceals its purposes in silence.

A secret political society in a free country, where the Constitution guarantees to all freedom of speech, and freedom of religion, is an iniquity and an abomination. That there are many good men in it we are prepared to believe; but they are misguided. If they have political ends to carry out, let them emblazon them on their banners. If the Constitution is their guide, and their country's good the end they have in view, let them show themselves to their countrymen, and trust to their knowledge and virtue. Let them scorn the miserable arts of the mountebank and the impostor, and not seek to entice the ignorant by their mystery, the ambitions by their ostentatious display of power, and the unprincipled by freedom from personal responsibility.

Our denunciations may fall on friends; if so, it is their own fault. They are engaged in a wrong thing. We warn all, that our warning can reach, to shun this pestilence; to fly from this evil, and to keep themselves pure and untainted.

A GLORIOUS VISION.—CASSIUS M. CLAY'S LETTER. The worst abolitionist that can be found—and happily for the country they are very scarce—is a southern abolitionist. There is one such who is well known to the country, Mr. Cassius M. Clay. That he is sincere in his convictions, all who know him allow, but that his convictions are those of a madman, all likewise agree. There is a violence, a fury, and an extravagance in his denunciations of the institutions of the South that give unmistakable evidence of insanity. But the abolitionists resemble those savage tribes among whom the most crazy are deemed the wisest. They are regarded as seers and prophets. Mr. Cassius M. Clay is one of the pillars of the abolition faith.

He has recently written a perfectly insane letter to the New York Tribune in which he uses the following language: "I honestly believe that every man of the Free States who voted for the repeal of the Missouri restriction deserves death. But there is no legal way of inflicting the penalty—the halter they must escape. But one thing can be done—break them on the wheel of public opinion. Let no man deal with them in business—banish them from the social circle, and franchise them practically forever! This demands hard but the race of traitors must die before we can live."

The amusing portion of this paragraph is that in which he proposes the banishment from Society—Abolition Society—Women's Rights Society—of the northern friends of Nebraska. This idea, by its accompaniments of death, hatred, disfranchisement and starvation, would be ludicrous in the extreme. He next proposes that men of all parties shall give up their political creeds and join in the rallying cry, "Shall America be slave or free?"

He then proceeds to picture to himself a series of glorious victories in the contemplation of which his imagination becomes entranced. He says: "We must therefore calculate what is to be the result of our success. Suppose then a republican elected President, on the issue above stated, and that the ultra of the south in their madness overawe the more thoughtful citizens, and secede from Congress, and declare the Union dissolved. Then either we must whip them in, or allow a peaceable separation as circumstances shall warrant. If we fight her, we have the advantage of being the government, and the filibustering organization—the treasury, the navy, and the army. If victorious, we could compel emancipation. If defeated, we would be abundantly able to maintain our national existence against the world. And with Canada, western Virginia, Kentucky, and Mississippi (which would probably unite with us) annexed, we would form a more powerful people than even now."

Now, this in old fashioned phrase is counting chickens before they are hatched. We have no comments for such a production. It is of a piece with all the writings of the abolitionists. It is the wild dream of a raving madman, but will be received as an oracle.

Great Excitement at Baraboo—Liquor Destroyed by a Mob of Women. An extra from the Baraboo (Wisconsin) Standard, informs us of stirring events at that place on Tuesday, May 23. It seems that the sale of liquor had grown into a monstrous nuisance, and led to frequent difficulties and abuse in families. At length the ladies called a secret meeting of their own number, and laid their plans for a general destruction of the liquor in the village. The Standard gives the following account of the riot:

"Accordingly, about 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, a procession of some fifty females was seen issuing from, in or about the Court House, and passed on to the Wisconsin House. In a very short time after a number of excited ladies were seen bringing forth barrels of beer, rum, brandy, &c. emptying it into the streets, amid the hurrahs and shouts of a hundred spectators. This job finished, they proceeded to the saloon on the opposite side of the square and emptied the ale and beer there contained. In double-quick time, the procession then wended its way to the saloon of French Peter, followed by the shouting populace. They here found the door fastened and were informed by the owner's wife that a determined resistance would be offered, and that they would not be allowed to enter the house unmolested.

"A group of ladies were holding a consultation on the piazza, when the muzzle of a gun was thrust through a light of glass and such a scattering 'you never did see.' This would, in all probability, have ended the demonstration so far as that house was concerned, as we are assured that the ladies designed to do nothing to disturb the peace. But by this time there were some men got among them and urged them to press forward and enter the house forcibly if necessary. As soon as it was understood that the men had begun to interfere, a strong feeling of excitement manifested itself. Different men took opposite sides; a strong body of resolute, determined men stationed themselves at the door, and loudly proclaimed their intention to defend the house from any violence so far as the men were concerned. A rush was made for the door, but it was successfully defended by those who stood there, after a few scratches and the tearing of a few shirts. For a few minutes we thought our town would be disgraced by a general fight, and that blood would flow instead of whisky. While affairs stood in this situation, the sheriff appeared, and after calling aloud for silence, read the riot act, which was heard and received by repeated shouts from nearly two-thirds of the people present. The majority then dispersed, and the ladies retired after they had received assurance that their wrongs should be redressed.

"A meeting was called at 7 o'clock in the evening, and a committee appointed to take into consideration the best means to put an end to the liquor traffic in our village."

DEATH OF HON. JOHN F. SNOODGRASS, OF VIRGINIA. It was with much pain that we saw the announcement of the death of the Hon. John F. Snodgrass, one of the representatives from the State of Virginia. His death was sudden, and occasioned a great shock to his friends in this city. He left here a few days ago in his usual health to visit his family; but while enjoying the pleasures of the domestic circle, the messenger of death came on his sad errand, and terminated his useful career on earth. Mr. Snodgrass was an honest man, a faithful representative, and a warm friend. May his family derive some consolation from the reflection that his last moments were spent among them, and that the privilege of ministering to him was permitted to them by a kind Providence. They have the sincere condolence and sympathy of his numerous friends.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. The Rev. Mr. Campbell (who will remain at Browns' hotel for two or three days) has shown to us the prospectus and other flattering notices of his "Southern Business Directory and General Commercial Advertiser," for eleven southern States. The proprietor assumes much labor, travel, and expense, to complete this work, representing therein the cards of such business and professional houses in the north as may desire to extend their business interests with the rich and growing south and west. It will also give the principal officers of railroad companies, (length of road, &c.), insurance, banking, steamship, steamboat, and mining companies in the United States; together with such statistics, in relation to the population, property, and real estate value, and high schools, as the proprietor with the aid of his agents may collect.

The volume will be a large octavo, from five to six hundred pages, and its circulation will probably reach eight thousand copies. Business men sufficiently understand their interests to patronize this work, without any recommendation whatever upon our part in its favor.

Interesting Nuptial Arrangements. The following from the New York Evening Post of the 5th will be received with interest: THE MARRIAGE OF MRS. MARY ANNA COOKE. To-morrow, the 7th inst., at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, this accomplished lady and Mr. William Foushee Ritchie, son of the venerable Thomas Ritchie, of Richmond, Virginia, will be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. The ceremony will take place at Ravenswood, the residence of Mr. Samuel G. Ogden, the father of the bride, in the spacious mansion of the Gibbs family, which has been specially prepared for the occasion. About two thousand invitations have been issued to the numerous friends of the bride and groom, and of their respective families. Among the guests will be the bridegroom's father and a large number of the members of Congress and of the Virginia legislature, personal friends of the groom.

The invitations are given, of course, by the mother of the bride, Mrs. Samuel G. Ogden, enclosing the cards of the bride and groom, and the following motto: "Carriage route for Ravenswood by the Potomac and Potomac street ferries by way of Williamsburg, distance five miles. The steamer Ravenswood leaves the pier below Peck Slip at 1 o'clock, and returns at 5 p. m. Extra trips on the 7th inst. will return to New York at 8 o'clock p. m."

The ceremony will take place at 3 o'clock. The notes bear the arms of the Ogden family, a lion rampant, quarters of oak branch and acorns, with the following motto: "Esti ostendo non facto." Though I shine I do not boast. The company is expected to assemble about 2 o'clock. The ceremony will be performed at 3 p. m. in the house. It had been intended to have it performed under a tent on the lawn, but the uncertainties of the weather compelled the abandonment of that idea. The Rev. Mr. Wilkes, a receiver of the doctrines of Swedenborg, will officiate on the occasion.

The ceremony of acting as bridesmaids on this occasion to Miss Emily and Miss Grace Ogden, sisters of the bride; Miss Margaretta Ogden, the bride's niece; Miss Sargent, of Boston, a sister of Epes Sargent; Miss Willman, of Boston, and Miss A. Appleton, of Cincinnati. We have heard the names of but three of the groomsmen: Mr. James Sargent, of Boston, brother of Epes Sargent; Dr. Keene and Mr. Peterson, of Philadelphia. The names of the other three, for there are to be six, have not transpired.

It is understood that the bride will be presented at the ceremony, by her father, followed by her mother upon the arm of the groom at 2 o'clock. Dancing will commence immediately after. Dodsworth's band has been engaged for the occasion, to discourse its sweetest music, both in the house and on the lawn. Refreshments will be furnished the company upon their arrival and after the ceremony. A cold collation and refreshments, embracing every delicacy that the season affords, will be supplied throughout the afternoon and evening until ten o'clock, when a boat, expressly engaged for the occasion, will take back to the city such of the guests as may be pleased to stay so late an hour.

The bride and groom will make a short excursion from town, returning Friday morning to Ravenswood, and leave the same afternoon for Brandon, in Virginia, the family mansion of Mrs. Harrison, one of Mr. Ritchie's sisters. After a brief stay there, they will go home to Mr. Ritchie's charming residence, near Richmond.

WHEAT CROP IN VIRGINIA.—The Lynchburg Virginian of the 3d says, the wheat fields along the line of the railroad, from Lynchburg to New River, give promise of one of the finest crops ever harvested.

Mrs. Emily Judson (Fanny Forester). Mrs. Emily Judson, widow of the late Adoniram Judson, missionary to Burmah, and popularly known in the literary world as "Fanny Forester," died at her residence in Hamilton, Madison county, New York, after a lingering illness, on Thursday, last instant, aged about forty years.

The maiden name of this lady, so highly celebrated in religious and literary circles, was Emily Chubbuck. Her native place was Eaton, in Madison county, New York. She first became known to the public as a writer for periodicals, and under the assumed name of "Fanny Forester," she acquired great reputation as a writer of refined taste, and a style of composition which was much admired as unique and attractive, while the morality of her productions bore a striking contrast to many of the ephemeral works of her contemporaries. Her success as a writer for periodicals induced Miss Chubbuck to appear, under her literary cognomen of "Fanny Forester," as author of "Alfred," and other volumes, in the school of light literature, all inculcating moral lessons, and tending to increase her reputation as a female writer of great delicacy and elegance of style.

In June, 1846, while she was in the height of her literary popularity, Miss Chubbuck astonished her many admirers by an entire change in her career and pursuits, in announcing her resolution to devote herself to a missionary life, and of course leaving her native country with her husband and children to follow her to the distant island of Burmah. At that time she became the third wife of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D., Baptist missionary to Burmah, in Asia, and on the 11th of July she embarked, with her husband and other missionaries, in the ship Faneuil Hall, from Boston for India. They arrived at their place of destination in the month of November following.

The Rev. Dr. Judson was one of the most remarkable men among American missionaries, and enjoyed a high reputation in the Baptist church. He was a native of Massachusetts, and was born in 1788. He was educated as a clergyman in the Congregational church, and in 1811 was sent by the missionary society of that sect to Burmah, in company with the Rev. Mr. Newell. The missionary labors of Dr. Judson in Burmah, or Eastern India, extended over a period of about thirty-nine years, terminating with his death in September, 1860. While in Burmah, his views respecting baptism underwent a change, in consequence of which he left the Congregationalists in 1814, and joined the Baptist church.

Soon after the death of her husband, Mrs. Judson returned to the United States, and for the last two years has been in somewhat feeble health. Her publications since her return have not been numerous. Among them is an "Olio of Domestic Verses."

In her personal appearance, this lady was prepossessing and pleasing, and agreeable in her manners and conversation. By an extensive circle of friends and acquaintances she was highly esteemed, and her Christian virtues and literary taste and attainments.—N. Y. Herald.

A GOOD JOKE.—A correspondent of the New York Post, and, we presume, from the signature of the editors of that paper, has sent us an amusing incident which occurred on board one of the New York and Stonington line of steamboats, a few nights since. It seems that an abolitionist in this vicinity, who is noted for his advocacy in season and out of season of the habeas corpus act, was on board the boat, and some of the passengers, willing to play a little sport, informed him of the presence of a colored man in the ice box of the steamboat, and also that a gentleman, apparently his master, was standing by him, as if having him in custody. The abolitionist, in obedience to his philanthropic impulses, immediately proffered his gracious services to the benefit of the fugitive. The supposed owner responded by appointing an individual to advocate his claim. A passenger assumed the character of United States commissioner, and a negro waiter was brought into the cabin suitably manacled to represent the slave. A meek affidavit, signed by James Wilson, was read, and said to be the affidavit was a mandate purporting to be issued by Judge Hitchcock, of the northern district of New York, ordering all United States officers to arrest the slave and bring him before a commissioner.

The trial was commenced, and the preliminary questions having been gone through with, the innocent victim of the hoax opened the case with a long speech, quoting at some length from a work of his own authorship, called the "unconstitutionality of slavery." In the course of the speech an attempt was made by the alleged slave to escape by rushing from the cabin, but he was recaptured and manacled. The counsel for the claimant, after a number of original arguments and witticisms at the expense of his opponent, closed his remarks by declaring that a man imprisoned in a nice box could not be regarded as improperly confined.

The commissioner, a stout man with an imperturbable countenance, then delivered his opinion, declaring that the prisoner's counsel had failed to prove black to be white, and as black was the mark of an inferior condition, and as slavery was a condition of inferiority, he must deny the application for release, and send the man back to his owner. The case, however, a hat was passed round for the benefit of the fugitive, and a fund of three cent pieces was raised, which made the waiter roll up the whites of his eyes in grateful astonishment. The court lasted three hours, and the abolitionist was not apparently undecided to the last.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT FROM CAMPFIRE.—We are informed that on Monday night, May 22d, three daughters of Rev. Mr. Perry, Methodist preacher, living at El Dorado, six or seven miles this side of Harrodsburg, were horribly burned by the explosion of a campfire lamp, and that there is very little hope of their recovery.

P. S. Since the foregoing was written, we have conversed with G. W. Craddock, esq., the uncle of one of the unfortunate victims, and from him we learn that the whole three are dead, and were buried in the same grave on Wednesday. The circumstances of the terrible catastrophe are briefly as follows: "Mr. Perry, his wife, and infant child were absent from home, and in Jessamine county, where he had gone to fill an appointment. There were at home three daughters and a servant woman. Two of the daughters were grown, aged perhaps 19 and 17. The third was a girl of 9 years. Monday night, while the servant was washing the tea dishes, and the oldest daughter was wiping them, the second daughter undertook to replenish the campfire lamp by which they were working, and called the youngest daughter to hold it. She took the lamp in one hand, and held the top through which the wick came, into the other. The wick was still burning as before, and the lower part of it yet in the lamp, but she held the wick some little distance from the mouth. The other commenced to pour campfire into it from a can containing about half a gallon. By some means it caught fire, and exploded, covering them and the whole room in an immediate blaze, and saturating their clothes with the combustible fluid.

The servant woman sprang out at the door, and plunged into a barrel of rain water, by which her life was saved, although she is badly burned. The door, it seems, closed after her, and in their confusion, could not be opened. They then went through the parlor, and out at the hall door, and ran about sixty yards to their father's store, screaming, and enveloped in flames that completely covered their bodies, and extended at least three feet above their heads. There, and near there, some persons came to their assistance, and enveloped one in a blanket, another in a quilt,

and another in a web of linen, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. But it was too late to save their lives. From their lips upward they were burned horribly. The youngest died the next morning at 8, the next in the age at 11, and the eldest at 10 o'clock Tuesday evening. Each retained her senses to the last, and was able to give a full account of the circumstances of the terrible affair. [Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth.]

Later from New Mexico. COL. COOKE'S MOVEMENTS.—The Santa Fe Gazette of the 22d says: In our last paper we gave an account of the expedition under the command of Col. Cooke starting in pursuit of the enemy, and of the partial surprise, fight and defeat of the Indians, and we left the gallant colonel at Ojo Caliente, steadily following up his advantage. Through the kindness of Gen. Garland and Maj. Nichols we are able to give a few more particulars. On the 13th of this month, Col. C. and command arrived at the fort of Abiquiu, where they intended to refit, receive provisions and otherwise prepare for a determined and successful war with the Indians. Owing to the activity of Gen. Garland, and the promptness with which his orders were issued and executed, all things were in readiness at Abiquiu for the expedition, and no unnecessary delay was caused in their departure. On the 18th the command again started, with buoyant hopes and a determined will to succeed. From this point we have heard nothing further. From the manner in which everything is being conducted, from the disposition of the various troops, from the zeal and activity manifested by the officers and men, and from the known experience and determination of our gallant general, we cannot doubt the issue for a moment, should the troops succeed in bringing them to an engagement. And when we reflect that the Indians have lost all their tents, camp equipage, and many of their animals, that they are in the settlements, and that they will have to depend on the hunt for subsistence, their condition must be considered hopeless indeed.

The Gazette, of the 29th, says: Nothing of importance has reached us yet from Colonel Cooke. Nothing decisive has been accomplished, but we have hopes that, ere a great while elapses, news will arrive of the final extinction of the whole tribe of the Jicarillas after the manner of the Apaches. The Jicarillas are becoming heartily tired of the war. They commenced, thinking of course they could do as they pleased with the troops, and now would gladly see the war terminated, in order again to commence their old practice of levying "black mail" upon our citizens.

Another in a web of linen, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. But it was too late to save their lives. From their lips upward they were burned horribly. The youngest died the next morning at 8, the next in the age at 11, and the eldest at 10 o'clock Tuesday evening. Each retained her senses to the last, and was able to give a full account of the circumstances of the terrible affair. [Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth.]

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The Utah Navy, and Southern Apaches are waiting with a good deal of anxiety the result of the measures put in execution against the Jicarillas by the energetic and shrewd commander of this department, and we believe it will prove a beneficial lesson to them should the Jicarillas receive the chastisement intended, for they will find a new order of things has commenced, and the Indians who so recklessly began this war, and those who aid them, will be glad to sue for that peace which they so thoughtlessly broke. We assure our readers, and we speak advisedly, that no peace will be made with the Jicarillas until they are chastised, and until they are made to feel the mandate of this department, and until faith can be placed in their promises of future good conduct.

An express has just arrived from Colonel Cooke, and by the kindness of General Garland, we learn that the colonel is laid up with rheumatism, and is unable to leave his quarters. He is, however, expected to be able to move in a few days. The Indians are completely cornered, and success seems certain.

THE LAST OF NELSON'S CREW.—A veteran sailor, named John Greenbridge, above one hundred years of age, and said to be the last survivor of Lord Nelson's crew on Copenhagen, made a call a few days ago upon some of his old Kentish friends. It appears that he was born at Yalding, was apprenticed at Chatham to a Quaker named White, and was married at twenty years of age; but on the day of his wedding he was seized by a press gang, and hurried off to Hull, whence he was sent to sea, and remained in the service through the long succeeding wars, commencing with that against the revolted American colonies, now the United States. Among the engagements in which he took part, was one against the now historical privateer, the *Arcturion*, which he subsequently served under Nelson both at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, and has sailed with our present Baltic and Black sea admirals, Napier and Dundas, when the former was a boy lieutenant. He is now an in-pensioner of Greenwich hospital, the oldest on the college books, and has received a pension of five hundred pounds a year. He has a son, now a crew sailing in the Victory when Nelson met with his death wound. He retains a perfect command of all his faculties. He adds that he never saw his wife after the day he was torn from her, fresh from nuptial rites at church, by the ruthless press-gang; but she lived some fifty years afterwards, and died of the same particulars of her death shortly after it happened, some thirty years ago.—Kentish Mercury.

A NEW IMPLEMENT OF WAR.—A letter from Paris, dated May 10, in the Cincinnati Gazette, says: A curious experiment was made a few days ago in the basin of the fountain in the Palais Royal, in the presence of a crowd of promenaders, who soon collected. A glass globe, containing a certain liquid, was thrown on the water, and then broken with a pole. The liquid immediately spread itself over the surface of the water, and taking fire spontaneously, continued to burn with an intense flame for a period of fifty-six seconds, throwing out a dense smoke. The basin had the appearance of being all on fire. Three gentlemen well known to science in Paris have invented this fluid, after long and patient study, with the view of making it available in the present war in burning ships, and in protecting or attacking fortified places where there may be a ditch. Thrown by means of a forcing pump on the head of a sap, into an entrenchment, or a ditch of water, or on the breach at a moment of assault, or in a naval combat, this engine would cause the most terrible ravages. An experiment has since been tried on the river Seine, in which instance the fluid continued to burn with a flame sufficiently intense to set fire to the sides of a ship, for more than a minute. Suppose that a boat with this liquid, should be hoisted into the midst of a steam frigate, and should be so managed that it would take fire at the moment of arriving near or in the midst of the fleet, and that the liquid should then be distributed on the surface of the water; the whole fleet would take fire in spite of all the efforts that might be made to prevent it, and they would take the same way in the most dangerous place. It is not necessary to enlarge on the nature and importance of the science which this formidable application of chemical science, may render in the continental and naval war which has just commenced.

KANSAS FILLING UP.—The St. Louis Intelligencer, of the 30th ultimo, says: "We learn from a friend who has just reached the city from a trip through the Missouri river counties, that hundreds of Missourians have been eagerly awaiting the news of the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska territorial bills, and that a very large emigration will immediately cross the river."

A HARD HIT.—Henry Ward Beecher says means to vote against the Nebraska bill, though the ballot-box should be placed in the jaws of hell.

To this the Wheeling Argus replies, that every man has a right to vote in his own precinct.

## Arrival of the Musical Societies in Baltimore.

Agreeably to arrangements made in our city on Saturday afternoon, several musical societies from Philadelphia, New Jersey, and New York, numbering about six hundred in the aggregate. It was expected by the Baltimore societies that their guests would not arrive until eight o'clock, when they would be met at Broadway and escorted according to program to their head quarters at Washington Hall. About half past six o'clock, however, a special train appeared, but in consequence of the supposition that they would not arrive until eight o'clock, there were none to receive them at the depot. The banners were unfurled, however, and the societies proceeded, and marched through Albemarle, Pratt, High, and Baltimore streets, to Washington Hall, led by the Philadelphia brass band. There was, consequently, a large assemblage on Broadway to witness the reception, who were greatly disappointed.

It was determined after partaking of refreshments that, notwithstanding the disappointment, the societies should proceed to Washington Hall to take place, and at 8 o'clock, in company with the city societies and two additional bands of music, they proceeded to Broadway, where the line of procession was formed. In the line were about one thousand to twelve hundred persons, the Baltimore societies forming flank guards, and escorted by a procession, each bearing a pink and blue transparency. Immediately in front was a large transparency bearing the emblem of music, and on the front the emblem of "Wilkommen." A more singularly strange and magnificent spectacle cannot be conceived of than was produced by the transparencies. Descending the grade of Broadway, the societies were met by a large number of persons from a distance was really beautiful, the movements of the procession having more the appearance of a sheet of flame than any thing else to which it can be compared.